

The cover features several black ink illustrations of swallows in flight. At the top, there are several small, simple sketches of birds in flight. Below these, there are three larger, more detailed drawings of swallows. One is on the left, one is in the center, and one is at the bottom. Each swallow is shown in a different pose, capturing the grace of their flight. The title 'Träumereien' is centered on the page, and the author's name and publication details are at the bottom right.

Träumereien

"Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

MARY MORGAN
(Gowan Lea)

1900

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Träumereien.

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Träumereien

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Their wings in tears, and skim away."



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*I have learnt to lean
on my own soul.*



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1. What is the Poet's Dream?
2. The Setting Sun.
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4. The Heaven below.
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The Poet's Dream.

(A Winter Rondel.)

What is the Poet's dream? By yonder lake
He pauses wistfully, as if to take,
Ere falleth night's dark curtain, a survey
Of the deserted vale. Bleak winds to-day
Sweep o'er the common, and the brooklets make

No ripple. Winter, hast thou power to shake
The leaves from Hope's fair tree? Doth spring forsake
The heart and leave it sighing in dismay?
What is the Poet's dream?

Deserted gardens! How your dead flowers wake
Man's aspiration! The brave heart shall quake
Not seeing the leaf fall, but rather say
Triumphantly, — The soul's bloom is for aye;
This is the Poet's dream!

The Setting Sun.



— sit like a god on the clouds —
The golden clouds and high,
From which to survey the earth,
And mysteries of the sky;

To watch the shimmering sea.
In the glow of my parting ray,
The crescent moon unveil
In the calm of the twilight grey.

With an artist's brush I paint
A roseate sheen as I pass;
In long-reaching lines I float
Away on the smooth-cut grass,

I tinge with a carmine hue
The range of ice-mountains afar,
And stretch out my hand to caress,
Or be kissed by, the evening star.

Fair fortune to worlds yet unknown,
Mean the smiles that flit over my face;
The rainbow my whisper hears,
And fades in my warm embrace.

Pale dewdrops — the tears of the night —
That fall on the grass by the rill,
I transform into tears of joy,
That are caught by the breath of the hill.

The sentinel moon and the stars,
Keep watch when I sink to my rest;
While darkness with silence in hand,
Stand waiting the Sun-God's behest.

Not a flower but indites me a song,
Nor a tree but sings lullabye,
Not a night but I dream the same dream:
Life is Birth continually!

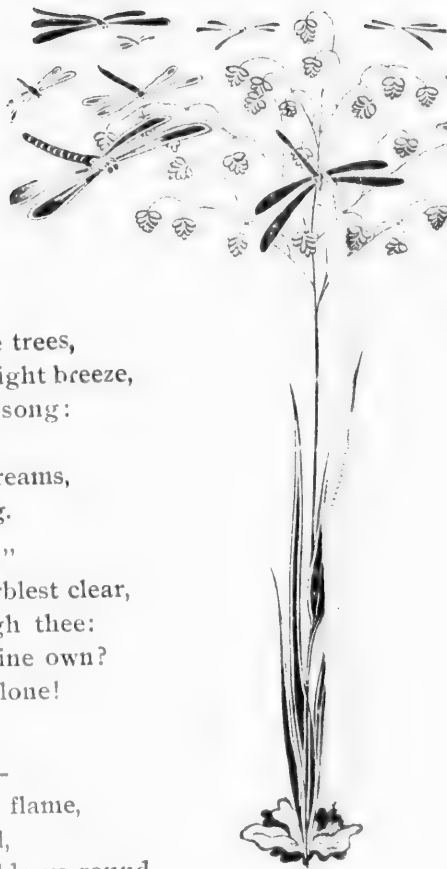
September 1899.



Richmond Hill



Song of the Forest Bird.



From yonder grove of Olive trees,
Borne lightly on the midnight breeze,
Resounds the wild bird's song:
A carol of pure joy it seems,
Recalling moonlit rippling streams,
And forests dwelt among.

"No longer sit I morbid here"
Cried I, "whilst thou bird warblest clear,
The message sent through thee:
Dost think thy song is all thine own?
In truth it is high heaven's alone!
But instruments are we.

For 'inspiration' is a name —
And 'instinct' also — for the flame,
The fire that kindleth all,
By which the worlds on worlds go round,
And light and life and joy abound,
And nations rise and fall.



The tunes that sound through Nature's lute
Are played by breath of heaven, or mute
Would be the various strings:
Our songs are but a heritage,
Attuned in a long by-gone age
And from us, too, take wings!

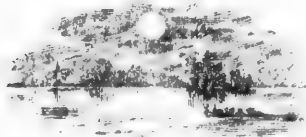
Unconsciously we let them go,
Expressions of our mirth or woe,
Upon the tide of fate:
Of after-time, perchance, the flowers —
Those ideal thoughts — that we call 'ours',
Which light our present state!"



The Heaven Below.

The Willow of the Lake am I, and dwell
Close by its side, chanting a lullabye
With its low ripple and the Zephyr's sigh.
From cloud-capt height the lone Pines cast
[their spell
Upon me, skyward-pointing in their pride,
Nor dream that, mirrored in the water, I
Behold beneath me the same canopy
Of heaven, whereon majestically glide
The homeless clouds; where in its myriad hue,
Ere the fierce storm hath passed, the rainbow
[arch,
Respondent, suddenly comes into view;
While with the day's decline the young
[moon's march
Portrayed is, as the red sun in the West
Kisses the water ere he sink to rest.

Lac de Genève.





Soul.



Nlive not the life of a star,
Nor the life of a tree:
My kingdom is standing alone
Wherein no one can see.

It matters not whither I roam;
Resigned, more than content;
Inquiring, am I without end?
On what search am I bent?

Unhappy or happy, I live
As the Powers may decree
(Unless for the Gods and the flowers
Can happiness be?).

A tree may unfold a sweet bloom
 (Not the blossom of thought),
Intellectual life stands alone.
 What doctrine is taught

That is worthy to treat of the soul—
 Its mysterious quest,
If it doomed be to live aye alone,
 Aye in ignorance rest?

What rest indeed can it know?
 Shall thinking not range
From earth to the far distant orbs?
 Ideals must change;

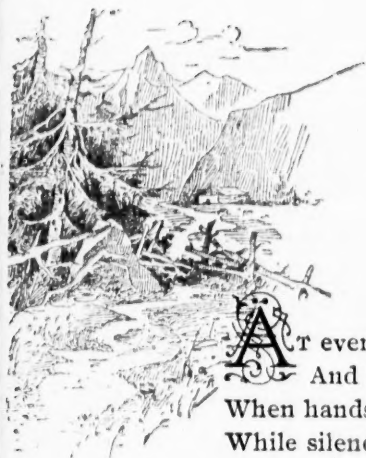
For Progress means Youth evermore
 (Though its instruments rust);
Ideals wax faint in life's march
 And fall into dust.

What attain the brave hearts that are slain
On th'arena of life?
Is all over or not? What to them
Shall matter their strife?

That which earth's great heroes have felt,
How can they dissever?
While worlds shall roll over worlds,
May Hopes live forever?

And grow until they become Powers—
God-like kingdoms so high
That Love with the white light of Truth
Rule their earth and their sky?

One thing only I know and declare :
'Tis that *Justice* must sway,
Ere the heart of the world be at peace
With itself or the day!"



Long Ago.



AT evening as the shadows softly fall,
And stars upon the sky begin to peep,
When hands lie folded and the weary sleep,
While silence reigns supreme above us all,

Comes "Long Ago," with ghostly tread to me,
And, smiling, takes me gently by the hand,
Leading me back through that mysterious land
Which only with the mental eye we see.

Within the precincts of the Past's dim halls,
Secured from every earthly jar or fret,
A peace ineffable upon me falls;
Enrapt in holy calm I can forget
That the procession of the cruel years
Leaves us with aching hearts and full of tears!





Vale.

Speaker: — The "OLD YEAR,"

You ask my name? Men call me the "Old Year."
Uncertain grow my steps; I've wandered here
How long? Perhaps you may remember. Fair
Was I, and young, when first I breathed this air;
Fresh morning's beauty dazzled; Fortune smiled;
And Hope my hapless heart too soon beguiled.

Golden were then my locks, though now so gray;
And rosy-red my cheeks, like buds in May;
No sombre cloud had yed obscured the sun.
The skies are changed. Life's course is nearly run.
Age yearns to counsel! Vainly warning give!
The soul learns best through living how to live!

Behold we come to where our paths divide!
Cheerful companions have you by your side;
I solitary am—without a choice.
In the hereafter you shall hear my voice,
Sounding like some far distant village chimes;
Then may you sigh for the old happy times.

Hush! for I feel Death coursing through my veins!
Unto stern Destiny I yield the reins!
Where-to she leadeth I have never been;
She hath to show what man hath not yet seen.
Earth almost unto me hath closed the door;
Even the Gods cannot my youth restore!

When I shall buried be—and lying low,
You, pensively, will name me "Long Ago."
Adieu! I see, in the dim shadow-land
Proudly approaching me, a stately band—
Procession infinite—the "Days of Yore!"
They beckon now—I go—forevermore!



